

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*  
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,  
A cur-purse of the Empire and the rule,  
That from a shelve the precious Diadem stole  
And put it in his pocket.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Ham.* A King of shreds and patches,  
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings  
You heavenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

*Ger.* Alasse hee's mad.

*Ham.* Doe youe not come your tardy sonne to chide,  
That lap't in time and passion lets goe by  
Th' important act'ing of your dread command. O say!

*Ghost.* Doe not forget: this visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,  
But looke, amazement on thy mether sits,  
O step betwene her, and her sighing soule!  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,  
Peake to her *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* How is it with you Lady?

*Ger.* Alasse how i't with you?

What you doe bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with th' incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,  
Forth at your eyes your spirrits wildly peep,  
And as the sleeping souldiers in th' alarme,  
Your beaded haire like life in excrements  
Starts vp and stands an end: O gentle sonne!  
Upon the heate and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?

*Ham.* On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,  
His forme and cause conioyned, preaching to stones  
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,  
Least with this pittious action you conuert  
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe  
Will want true colour, teares perchance for blood.

*Ger.* To whome doe you speake this?

*Ham.* Doe you see nothing there?

*Ger.* Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.

*Ham.* Not did you nothing heare?

*Ger.* No nothing but our selues.

*Ham.*

*Prince of Denmarke.*

*Ham.* Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,  
My father in his habit as he liue'd,  
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall.

*Exit Ghost.*

*Ger.* This is the very coynage of your braine,  
This bodilesse creation, extacy is very cunning in

*Ham.* My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,  
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse  
That I haue vttered, bring me to the test,  
And the matter will reword, which madnesse  
Would gambole from. Mether for loue of grace,  
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule  
That not your trespassse but my madnesse speakes,  
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place,  
Whiles rancke corruption mining all within  
Infects vnseene: confesse your selfe to heauen,  
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,  
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes.

To make them ranker, forgiue me this my vertue,  
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times  
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,  
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

*Ger.* O *Hamlet*! thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

*Ham.* O throw away the worser part of it,  
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,  
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,  
Assume a vertue if you haue it not,  
That monster custome, who all sence doth eate  
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this  
That to the vse of actions faire and good,  
He likewise giues a frocke or Liuary  
That aptly is put on to refraine night,  
And that shall lend a kind of easines  
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:

For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And Maister the diuell, or throw him out  
With wonderous potency: once more good night,  
And when you are desirous to be blest,  
He blessing beg of you, for this same Lord  
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas'd it so

To